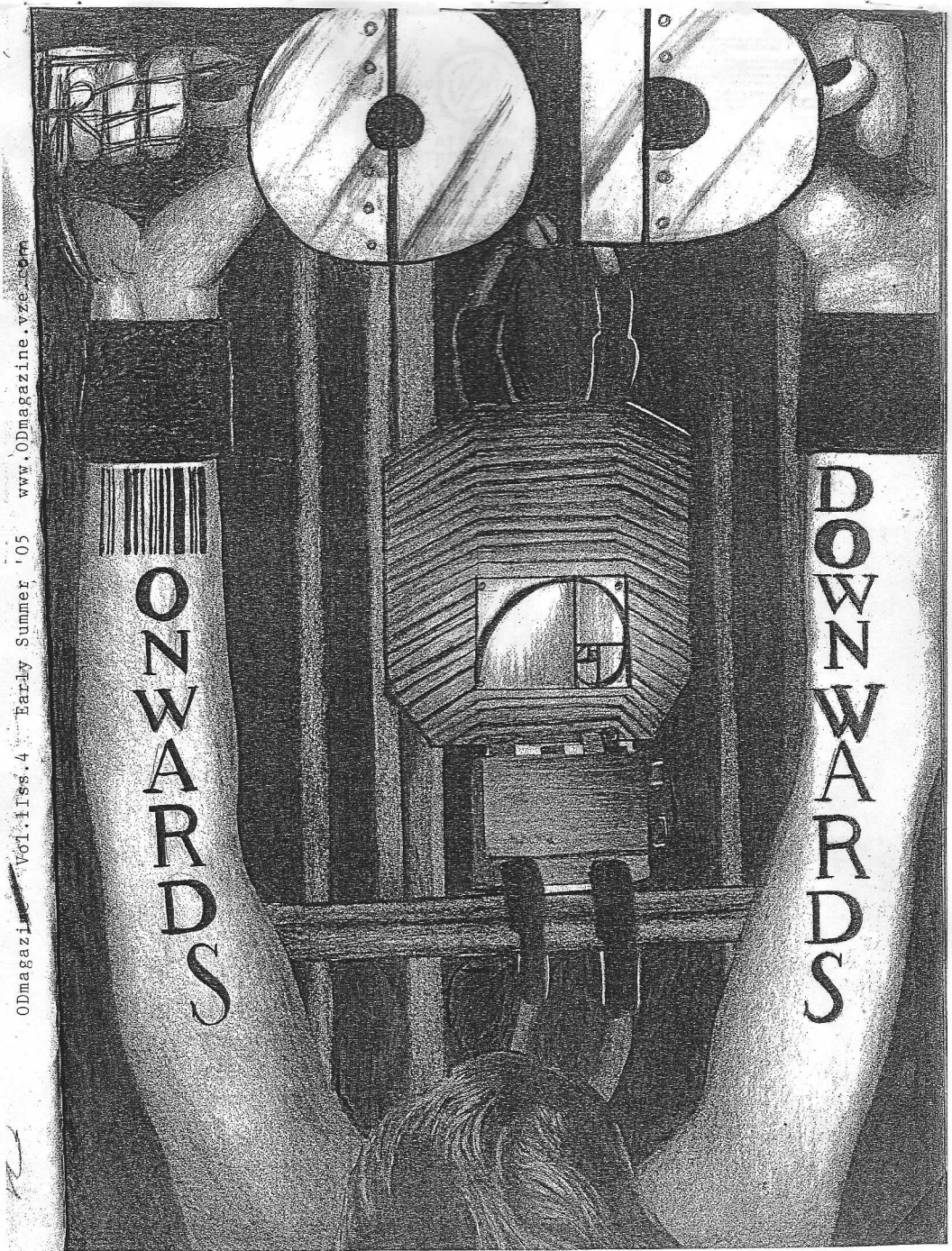


ON
WARD
S

DOWN
WARD
S



Where would we be now?



The age-old ritual of smoking grass is one of the worlds most sacred and ancient customs. Humans were smoking marijuana far before they ever touched tobacco or even drank wine. In fact the use of cannabis predates any recorded history. Our ancestors have always known about the many benefits of cannabis. They believed that it was a holy plant, which held great power, the power to heal, thrive and evolve. This psychoactive plant could do so much more than serve as a recreational drug. Marijuana has played an important role in shaping our history. If Cannabis were to be placed in the right hands, it could drastically shape our future for the better, creating miraculous alternatives for our current regime. Many believe that cannabis was the first crop to be planted and cultivated. Our hunter gatherer ancestors turned to farming as an new existence, and the birth of this seasonal lifestyle soon led previously nomad tribes into settled lives. While settled we had more time to sit and smoke our weed, contemplating things like the universe and our very existence. It is a strong argument that grass was there to inspire our spirituality, giving rise to religion and philosophy. The industrial applications of this multitaleanted plant have been widely known and used through out the world since the beginning of time. Known for it's versatile textile abilities, hemp can be used to produce endless products and various materials. Some of these materials include paper, clothing, foodstuffs, and canvas, rope (the strongest in the world) and even oil just to name a few. So why would such an intelligent civilization want to bring a miracle plant like this to its knees? Where did the demonization of this plant start? Well it makes sense that something of such power with naturally draws the attention of the rich, along with their desire to control it. The prohibition of marijuana had occurred in many parts of the world before the more familiar "marijuana tax act" of 1937. However the effects of this act are still being felt today, and it is not just the stoners who are being targeted. In 1933, the fourteen-year prohibition on alcohol was lifted in the US. This left the police with little to do. It is around this time that some shady characters in power were beginning to figure out an incredibly daring plan: to prohibit the cultivation and use of marijuana. Why? Where did the concern for this plant take flight? Why would they want to prohibit the use of a plant that was so useful to the industry? Some startling coincidences come in to play when you look at the people who introduced the tax act to congress. Harry Anslinger is a good place to start; he was once deputy commissioner, but became the boss of the federal bureau of narcotics when his Uncle Andrew pulled a few strings. His uncle just so happened to be the leader of the US treasury board and owner of Standard Oil. At first Harry's job was to bust heroin addicts but there was little work in that since heroin abuse was not really a big problem in America at the time. At first Harry used his close ties with certain newspaper groups to publish stories about his prostitution and heroin, but this grew tiresome and boring for him. He wanted more publicity and more money. So Harry invented a dragon to slay, he called it marijuana. Harry had originally told the senate that he had no real problem with pot, in fact he even stated that he felt that grass did not contribute in any significant was to a drug problem in America. Then he suddenly (and drastically) changed his stance on the issue. He started publishing stories about murders in Miami and Arabian assassins being linked to the consumption of the "evil marijuana". He created an international campaign against all forms of cannabis (including THC free hemp, hmmm, strange).

So now that there was a new crime to be a criminal for, Harry and his army of fellow officers had much important work to do. Work that cost money.

It is not a far intellectual leap to theorize that the introduction of this prohibition had little to do with who smoked it or not. But more to do with the newly emerging economic potential of hemp. Harry's good old uncle, who owned a petrochemical industry, had a good enough motive to stifle the competition that the hemp industry would bring. Not to mention the pharmaceutical companies which were creating synthetic drugs. These drugs could mimic many of the same medicinal properties that cannabis had, only artificially. Pot was a threat to the future of synthetic medicine. But why would Congress pass a vote for a law that completely destroys one of Americas Longest standing agricultural products? After all even George Washington farmed hemp. The actual passing of the vote in the House of Representatives had much to do with a simple miscommunication. When Harry and his police hooligans, were passing the final vote no one realized that this "deadly narcotic" was in fact hemp. The true nature of the bill was obscured paraded under the facade that marijuana was a threat to society.

Looking back now you almost get a chill to think of what could have been. We could be running our cars on hemp oil, rather than fighting bloody wars for petroleum. We could be spending our billions of tax dollars on more important endeavors than "the war on drug" (a war that has been proven study after study to be far more harmful than the actual drug itself.). We could be creating renewable and alternative products that do not poison the earth and threaten our health. What would the world be like if we had only embraced the potential of this plant many years ago? Maybe we should look back, and take a hint from our ancestors. A gift has been given to us, a tool to thrive as a race. Maybe it's time for us to wake up, and evolve. the girl in the tree.

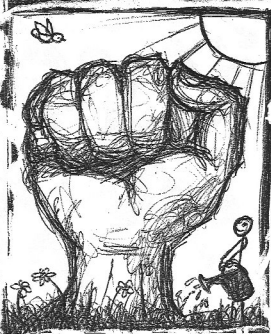
~~HOW DO WE TRULY KNOW WHO WE ARE INSIDE?~~

HOW IS IT POSSIBLE TO KNOW WHEN EVEN TRUTH ITSELF IS UNDEFINABLE AS A TERM. WE LIVE IN A WORLD WHERE WHAT WE ARE EXPOSED TO IN THE ENVIRONMENT, DESTROYS OUR PHYSICAL FABRIC, CANCERS OF THE LUNGS, DISEASES OF THE HEART..ETC. BUT WHAT IF ALL ILLS THAT PLAGUE OUR BODY ARE NOT JUST PHYSICAL TOXICITY. COULD IT BE POSSIBLE THAT OUR VERY BEING, THE PERSONALITY TRAITS THAT DEFINE US, CAN BE AS EASILY COVERED WITH TUMOURS AND SCARS FROM YEARS OF NEGLECT AND ABUSE?. TAKE CONSIDERATION OF THE FACT THAT THE FIRST 18-25 YEARS OF OUR LIFE ARE THE DIRECT BUILDING BLOCKS AND FOUNDATION OF OUR LIVES WHEN WE ARE OLDER. WHEN WE SUPPOSEDLY BECOME "INDEPENDANT INDIVIDUALS". HOWEVER THESE ARE THE YEARS WHEN WE ARE MOST INFLUENCED BY EXTERNAL FORCES: PARENTS, SCHOOL TEACHERS, MEDIA, PEERS, RELIGION. THESE EXTERNAL FORCES ARE THRUST UPON US WITHOUT OUR CONCIUS KNOWLEDGE, AS SOON AS THE MOMENT OF OUR CONCEPTION WE ARE AT THE MERCY OF OTHERS, LOCKED IN AN ENTANGLED WEB. WE ARE BORN INTO THE LIVES OF ANOTHER, NEVER ARE WE EVER ALLOWED TO TRULY BE FREE. WE ARE THRUST INTO OUR PARENTS SOCIAL STATUS, THEIR RELIGION, THEIR ADDICTION, THEIR FLAWS, THEIR PREFERNCES. WE LEARN THE "WAYS OF LIFE", HOLDING ON TO TRADITIONS TAUGHT TO US SO MANY FORGOTTEN YEARS AGO BY SOMEONE WHOM WE THOUGHT WE KNEW. "MY FATHER HIT ME SO I'M BEATING YOU". WE SELDOM SEEK TO BREAK THE CHAIN LEST THE LINKS BEHIND US ARE DESTROYED AND WE ARE BUT A SINGLE RING, ALONE WITHOUT ASSOCIATION. WHEN WE ARE FREE FROM OUR LEARNED BONDAGE, WE HAVE THE TENDENCY AT FIRST TO BE SCARED, WE MISS THE CONTROL, THE LEASH AROUND OUR NECK, THE WOUNDS WE RECEIVED WHEN WE WERE "BAD". THE REWARDS WE RECEIVED WHEN WE WERE "GOOD". NOTHING IS DEFINED ANYMORE, WE HAVE TO FIGURE IT OUT FOR OURSELVES. TO HAVE CONTROL IS TO BE AFRAID, BESIDE FEAR REMINDS YOU THAT YOU ARE PRIMAL AND THAT THE WILL TO SURVIVE DRIVES YOU. NATURAL SELECTION IS LOST IN A WORLD WHERE NOT EVEN CLEAN WATER COMES FROM NATURAL SOURCES. TO BE FREE IS AS SCARY AS IT IS EUPHORIC. FEED OFF OF FEAR NOT FROM IT. TO FEEL VULNERABLE IS TO KNOW YOUR ALIVE....

Everything horrible about the world was in that box and I just happened to be in there at the same time.

Here's a question.

What's with the quest for freedom? What are we seeking freedom from exactly? If you ask me, we're pretty damn free, hell, we're completely free beyond the basic laws enstated by our government. But even still, we turn to our government to supply us with this freedom. They promise us our freedom. But what this really means is that they are threatening the removal of this freedom in the face of disobedience. They have established control over freedom, and because of this control, freedom doesn't really exist. It's funny, because what people should really be striving for is the cessation of this freedom quest. I mean, the fact that we are alive makes us free, the fact that we have free will makes us free. The mind has no limits, the imagination dwells not within a cage. why would a person catch an animal only to provide it with freedom? Why waste energy on what's already accomplished? People amaze me, a society feeling around for a pair of spectacles that rest comfortably upon our own heads.



We approached wearing the type of suit you might see a veteran clown wear, if attempting to seek alternate employment. A sort of comical class that falls safely between "narc" and "hippie" in order to comfort both classes.

Tried and tested no doubt, it's effectiveness is proven by the simultaneous glances, and comments of approval, from both the middle-class businessman, and the lower-class stoner. A quick pamphlet and a sticker to some passe rhyms and we were on our way.

"So here's our plan, GONZO POTARRAZZIGONE GUERRILLA. That's the headline," states John "Flash" Gordon, as he imagines it in a large bold font, and plasters it across the sky with his hands. "Gonzo Potarrazzi Gone Guerrilla... I haven't seen such an act of civil disobedience since Martin Luther went around nailing his declaration on people's doorframes. That's my quote... I hope they print it." A momentary lapse to snatch a daily paper from each of their respected bins, and rifle through them searching for his name. A breeze of disappointment when he's nowhere to be found.

"Okay, so if anybody looks at you funny, just give them one of these (he loads me up with a pile of information cards), and maybe a couple stickers." This was the plan, in an attempt to capitalize on the last day before the BC elections. Seemed pretty simple; until ten bucks vanished into thin air and our lighters proved low on fluid. Limiting the tobacco and reefer intake for the next few hours and proving that this wasn't going to be an ordinary day within the threshold of reality as we know it.

The chaos followed us through the rainy afternoon, spilling hash, breaking shelves, and fusing us into the wrong bag of coffee grinds, although the package was given as reference. These deterrents did little to slow the "Flash" though, as we scaled the Dominion Building once again, attempting to replenish the lost funds, through a favour to the Prince of Pot himself - Mark Emery. "Fuck, if this isn't the right kind..."

It was, thankfully, and every hurdle overcame called for another session. Eventually, we were on our way.

Little did I know that I was merely to act as a form of medication for Flash's misguided affliction of being an amputee of some sort - not realizing that the human species was naturally born with two arms - piling BCMP memorabilia on me as it spilled off of him. We headed down the street with my pockets bogged down with pamphlets and stickers and flyers and tape, (not to mention all their original contents) slapping stickers on whatever would hold them.

"You don't hear about journalists going out and creating the news, setting up stories," he stated, as another sticker found a home. This is gonzo guerrilla warfare. Forced media. An attempt at creating news, due to a lack there of. Adjusting the agenda of the recycling regurgitation in favour of honest, unbiased coverage. Giving out stickers like balloon animals to the "kiddies" among voters, while accepting comments of being, "facetious" with open arms. Addressing anyone who gives him eye contact. An in-your-face, all-eyes-on-me approach that leaves no curiosity unquenched, no questions unanswered, and no rolling cameras unaddressed.

A search for buried potential. Turns out the camera he stepped into wouldn't be using the footage for years to come. Flash expressed his disappointment by explaining his overwhelming fiend for exposure. "You know that song," he goes on to sing a line or two. "Grey is my favourite colour", you know. When I look at the television, I want to see me staring right back at me." Mr. Jones, by the Counting Crows "Yeah, that's the one. That was my theme song."

Although down at the New Amsterdam Mr. Gordon sparks up more than a conversation, with his potential worn proudly on his person: a sweater, beneath his tweed blazer, portraying a prohibition-era, cartoon drawing of a canine mobster, fighting against a lamp-post, flipping a coin, smoking a joint.

Which says what exactly? Well, if you look deep enough you might get the image of a twenties gangster making his living off of prohibition - but through weed rather than alcohol - and be reminded of how drug-dealers of today are no different, and potsmoking speakeasies exist on every street corner. Of how the black market continues to thrive, due to the legal state of marijuana. But the more blunt message, is how ridiculous of an issue this really is. How comical of a problem, which therefore needs a light-hearted approach towards it's solution:

To portray the common potsmoker as a harmless individual, that means only to do good, and deserves a chance to prove themselves without bias.

How? Well, through example, of course. We continued down the street, as Flash chanted the chorus of "Staying Alive" by the BeeGees.



Flashbacks from within the comfort of the "Hug Rule" on our glorious Cannabis Day. Examinations from within a kaliedoscope of individuality. A white collar ring formed around our carnival, in an attempt to compute; to rationalize, peering over the brim of their travel coffee mugs, and business sections of the paper; peering over the rims of their designer shades, or over the shoulder of a designer suit; and of course, the police too, who seemed nowhere in sight, but could be spied with their cameras on the gallery roof tops and on the extreme fringes of the crowd, struggling to get good photos through the haze.

Happy and high hemsters, and "med and rec" users of every age & description and persuasion gathered beneath the big Birks downtown clock and as usual, scattered amongst them was an assortment of Westcoast Stoner Celebrities: Red-eyed cotton-mouthed Dana Larsen from Cannabis Culture, BCMP former candidate Paul Hughes, Chantelle the Province Newspaper dubbed "pot-head", and not too Ponder Peter of the new doobiecentral, Watermelon the cannabis comedian wasn't but there was Scott her friend. There was the two transvestite costume nurses (co-founders of the active WANDU Van Area Network of Drug Users) whom are hoping to found WE CAN, as well there was, Bill Smalls, of the "Too Tall Brothers Reefer Jazz Band", who is responsible for a precedent setting victory with a case in BC courts he won, as a "Compassionate Grower", helping root the foundation of Hilary Black's BC Compassion Club Society, where he served tirelessly doing free Reiki. Pot-Tv news anchor Richard Cowan's shiny head could be seen and Momakind from the Sunshine coast compassion clubs big smile phone. Lots of people were donning yellow BC Marijuana Party t-shirts as if like floating buoys, Gigi the Tap dancing che, with her official "Photographer for Cannabis Culture" hat on clicked away, plus, Lazy Dragon, Flash's of Unity Society Buddy, and Irwin the bottle collector, and of course; the Prince of Pot Patron of the Rebellious Arts, Marc Emery, Himself, was swimming through the mass with ease, and handing out joints of his personal to anxious fans. David Malmo Levine, the always energetic host, was wearing a gigantic nylon ring master style mad-hatters tea-party hat up front straddling one of the large lion statues on the the Vancouver Art Gallery steps with only his megaphone in hand, (upon his mad hat he had pinned a green paper marijuana leaf). It was Dave who dictated the energy level of the entire crowd, who stood, sat, leaned, danced, jumped, sung, twirled around, and smoked a hell of a lot of pot!

Not much more fun could active civil disobedience be. We, squinting through the smoke just to find someone who was without to pass out our blunts to. They were all armed to the teeth. Reefer of all shades and odours, papers of all sizes and consistencies, as many bongos or pipes as people, waving their mid-evil banners or placards: A poster in tribute to Renee Boie which read "Help Free this Angel", adorned with her picture in centre. BCMP Signs sporting various candidates including the famously infamous "Flash", Gordon, and large, bold statements like "HERB LOVER" and "DEA GO AWAY" or "EVERYBODY MUST GET STONED". All sticking up like the masts of great ships within the sea of green.

Soundscapes were provided by the likes of "Contraband", "Hot Box", "All Purpose", "Ridley Bent" and the beautiful "Po Girls". Headlining were the oddly cross-dressed Beely Treats with Lousy Bum on guitar, Asthma on guitar with Polyester on Bass and Doc on drums, who coloured the air with music that weaved in and out of the pot smoke. (At one point they mixed up Asthma in a kiddie pool of macaroni and poured cheese product and milk over him and fed the crowd with cheese sandwiches, and pop tarts to the funky beat of "Roll around in Kraft dinner", their terrific new hit!)

This spectacle, near, equally as exaggerated as the bright "Uncle Scam" shopping cart effigy, or the large heavy costume of a gigantic puppet clown, with its giant doobie hanging down out of its mouth, (and an incense stick that made the large joint smoke!) We picked up the garbage and all stretched and yawned and No One could say "I didn't get high..." by the end of the day. Unless they were, say, D.E.A. Once again we'd all stretched our "Liberty muscles". The day for all it's expensive purchases had been a great success!

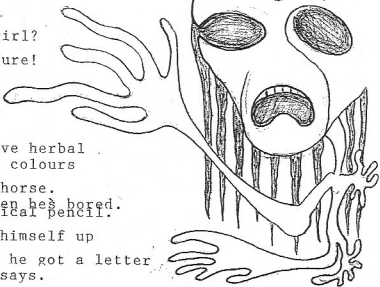
OVEROPTIMINIMALISTICALLY DISINTERESTILLUSIONAL

Paul Revere - harmless, fun-loving prepubescent girl?
or a time travelling pazi from the past
who's come to rewrite the future!

only you can decide for sure

Paul Revere likes to paint his nails and cleanse minorities.
He cleanses them with gentle non-abrasive herbal soap and hydroxide.
blue and lighter blue. Paul likes the colours
One time he drew a picture of a horse.
Paul drums with his pens and pencils when he's bored.
Paul broke all the lead in his mechanical pencil.
He got so angry that he flipped out
with a letter opener, started cutting himself up

but they'd taken away his letter opener. The next day he got a letter
so he doesn't know what it says.



THE MOST BEAUTIFUL ROSE BEARS THE SHARPEST THORNS
BLEEDING WOUNDS CALL FLIES TO FEED ON THE FLESH OF
DESIRE, SUFFERING THE BLEATING OF A GOAT.
VAGRANT, STARVING.
NO HEARD NO SHEPHERD? FEEDING ON THE ROSES

to be a growing trend among the youth and the old who desire to be youth.

anti-censorship has already given us films like stanley kubricks "a clockwork orange" onto basic cable tv networks. compromises have given us nowt's christian examinations of everybody loves raymond.

but fuck them all, i'm anti-censorship. i take the metal heads off of my bic lighters along with the safety. that's my fire provider, i paid for it with my money that i earned. i will not have the view of the fire striking censored from my consumer eyes.

you have to be careful with ~~light~~ smoking and ~~lighting~~ not to keep the lighter lit too long at a time, or the plastic will melt on you and/or your ~~finger~~. but hell, i live on the edge, goddamnit.

On an almost constant daily basis we are bombarded with images/thoughts of war, terrorists, and the allmighty fear of a terrorist attack, but for what, may I ask? To me it seems its all just a system of control, a system most of us are heartily falling in line with. They tell us to report suspicious characters and activities. I saw such a fine example of it today on the morning news, I'm not sure of the exact specifics, but somewhere in the heartland of America, there was a white tube on the side of a freeway overpass. Naturally due to the suspicious nature of this white tube, swat, police, fire, and even the bomb squad were called in to diffuse this deadly white tube, who just happened to be in the right place at the wrong time. Eventually they detonated what they THOUGHT was was a deadly pipebomb, but it turned out to actually be an air filter. By my reckoning, if we continue forth with this trigger happy mode of thought, then we will surely bring about our own destruction. and not by any outside forces of evil or terror, but simply from the terror that lives within our hearts that is prayed upon by the media. We surely must recognize there is always a POSSIBILITY that a terrorist attack CAN happen, but we must not seek refuse in the idea that it will definitely happen. This fear of an attack has got a lot of us up in arms, and weary of even our neighbours, locking doors, and closing arms. This way of acting and being will only open us up for more attacks and destruction, because through our disconnection we have lost ties with people that can help. Resulting from us being so quick to point the finger and nail people to the cross, we are essentially burning our bridges to salvation and security, leaving us isolated on an island of fear and paranoia. This is not the way to be, we have got to open our arms, but still be careful of who we welcome openly, try to use our judgment of personal character as best as we can, and not in ignorant or belligerent fashions. The more people that take up that attitude, the better off we all are.


im tired im tired of watching you pigs arrest the aftermath of everything your dying breed lives for. im tired of not eating because i wont be a part of your cogwheel. ever wonder why africa has no water? ever wonder where all the coca cola factories are? tastes good doesnt it. coca cola sends aid packages to starving africa families every week. aid packages that contain nutrient deficient simlac produced in african coca cola factories. only african countries recieve this "special" simlac. bet it tastes good. im fucking tired of watching this profit building organized suffering is there nothing we can do? there isnt if there isnt a we to look to. where is our unity. human natures right to collect ourselves. we sit back and watched as america turned iraq into a gas station. and now the terrorists are in iran. where the same bubble of oil that made iraq seem so juicy, stretches across 6 nations. i'll bet those 6 nations will have unstable governments i'll bet these nations are "suffering intollerably" i'll bet these nations have little red x's on them. i'll bet they're next. is a man less of a man because he has more profit under his country? is a man more of a man because he decides to take that profit? fuck money fuck greed fuck the aluminati fuck america

so, i almost got killed a while ago, right?
fucker came with a damn hatchet.
anyway.

cops come, do ~~do~~ their shit, whatever. they get
out their digital camera, and they can't
figure on how to use the bitch. they hand it
over my way after a few minutes, and i
diddle with her for a second and open the
battery cover. no batteries.

the stuff on the equipment ^{shelf} isn't necessarily
pre-emptively equipped.

be sure your gun's loaded before you head
out, coppers. never know when you'll face
another attempted-murderer with an axe who
smiles when he only hears the click of the
trigger.

 CUT HERE

Officer, please understand I refuse to talk to you other than to identify myself, until I
consult with my lawyer.

I also refuse to consent to any search of these premises or any premise under my control or
which I have in my possession, proprietary or privacy interest including my car, body or
effects. I further refuse to consent to the taking of my breath, bodily fluids or tissues for
scientific analysis without an opportunity to consult with my lawyer. I further refuse to
participate in any lineup or perform any physical acts, speak or display my person or
property at your discretion without first consulting with my lawyer.

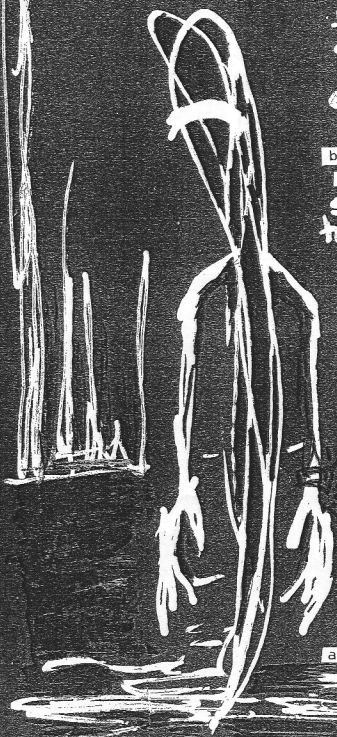
As a Canadian, I desire to exercise all my rights guaranteed to me by THE
CONSTITUTION OF CANADA TO BE FREE FROM INTERFERENCE WITH MY
PERSON OR AFFAIRS.

If I am under arrest I wish to know under what charge and wish to invoke and exercise my
constitutional rights. If you ignore my rights and attempt to produce a waiver I want to
consult with my lawyer prior to any conversation with you.

If I am not under arrest, I wish to leave. If I am free to leave please tell me so that I may
return to my business.

TO READ TO THE POLICE UPON ARREST:

OBLIGATORY
DISCLOSURE



This experience here
has been very sad I must
express. I am sad to vacate
the darkened kingdom. I just
did not deserve the chance to
share the possibilities in
expanding the lost souls' range
thought horizons I'm afraid there'll

be no parade, no kool-aid stands or fresh

lemonade. You all deprived your
self of a much desired oppor-
tunity. hopefully you're more
open minded the next time
a mistaken teacher passes
through your life line.

my position here in this linear realm or
existence was not to be disregarded

disrespected, let alone
assaulted, extorted and stole
from countless times from
individuals who betrayed me

and then spread false rumours about
only to free themselves

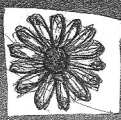
from being spotlighted in this
dark day. I hope I have
somewhat influenced a
few to the acknowledgement

that there is something worth evolving

towards, something to aspire to,

and upgrade, rather than existing within this

MORAL LAZINESS



DON'T PUSH THE RIVER, IT FLOWS BY ITSELF.

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Contributors: Ulysses (cover), Mr. Morder (2,5,6.1), The Girl In The Tree (3), Endless Nameless (4.1,9.1), Flash Gordon (6.1), Tragic (6.2), Fecma (6.3), Runt (7.1,8.1), Metal Head (7.2), Chaos (7.3), (9.2), e-mail, hate mail, any mail: ODmagazine@canada.com
visit our site at: www.ODmagazine.vze.com write us, vent.
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Next issue due out eventually, available by coincidence...

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FRITZ PERLS

...ONWARDS
DOWNWARDS

If you read all the way through you are a moron.

**BOB
THE ANGRY
FLOWER**

HOW TO BE
RESPECTED

<http://angryflower.com>

